Qu. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to night.
Kin. Madam not ſo, I doe beſeech you ſtay.
Qu. Prepare I ſay. I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endeuours and intreats:
Out of a new ſad-ſoule, that you vouchſafe,
In your rich wiſdome to excuſe, or hide,
The liberall oppoſition of our ſpirits,
If ouer-boldly we haue borne our ſelues,
In the conuerſe of breath (your gentleneſſe
Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord:
A heauy heart beares not a humble tongue.
Excuſe me ſo, comming ſo ſhort of thankes,
For my great ſuite ſo eaſily obtain'd.
Kin. The extreame parts of time, extreamely formes
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed:
And often at his verie looſe decides
That, which long proceſſe could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progenie
Forbid the ſmiling curteſie of Loue:
The holy ſuite which faine it would conuince,
Yet ſince Loues argument was firſt on foote,
Let not the cloud of ſorrow iuſtle it
From what it purpos'd ſince to waile friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo wholſome, profitable,
As to reioyce at friends but newly found.
Qu. I vnderſtand you not, my greefes are double.
Ber. Honeſt plaine words, beſt pierce the eares of griefe
And by theſe badges vnderſtand the King.
For your faire ſakes haue we neglected time,
Plaid foule play with our oathes: your beautie Ladies
Hath much deformed vs, faſhioning our humors
Euen to the oppoſed end of our intents.
And what in vs hath ſeem'd ridiculous:
As Loue is full of vnbefitting ſtraines,
All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.
Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eie.
Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habits, and of formes
Varying in ſubiects as the eie doth roule,
To euerie varied obiect in his glance:

Which partie-coated preſence of looſe loue.
Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eies,
Haue misbecomm'd our oathes and grauities,
Thoſe heauenly eyes that looke into theſe faults,
Suggeſted vs to make: therefore Ladies
Our Loue being yours, the error that Loue makes.
Is likewiſe yours, we to our ſelues proue falſe,
By being once falſe, for euer to be true
To thoſe that make vs both, Faire Ladies you,
And euen that falſhood in it ſelfe a ſinne,
Thus purifies it ſelfe, and turnes to grace.
Qu. We haue receiu'd your Letters, full of Loue:
Your Fauours, the Ambaſſadors of Loue.
And in our maiden counſaile rated them,
At courtſhip, pleaſant, ieſt, and curteſie,
As bumbaſt and as lining to the time,
But more deuout then theſe are our reſpects
Haue we not beene, and therefore met your loues
In their owne faſhion, like a merriment.
Du. Our Letters Madam, ſhew'd much more then ieſt.
Lon. So did our lookes.
Roſa. We did not coat them ſo.
Kin. Now at the lateſt minute of the houre,
Grant vs your loues.
Qu. A time me thinkes too ſhort,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in;
No, no my Lord your grace is periur'd much,
Full of deare guiltineſſe, and therefore this:
If for my Loue (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will doe ought, this ſhall you doe for me.
Your oath I will not truſt: but goe with ſpeed
To ſome forlorne and naked Hermitage
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world:
There ſtay, vntill the twelue Celeſtiall Signes
Haue brought about their annuall reckoning,
If this auſtere inſociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood:
If froſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudie bloſſomes of your Loue,